

SERIAL STORY

The Women's Candidate

By SYRON WILLIAMS

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SYNOPSIS.

In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedight, a summer visitor, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses. The girls form themselves into a court and sentence him to do the bidding of one of their number each day for ten days. A legislative measure opposing woman suffrage, which dropped from the mayor's pocket, is used to compel him to obey the mandates of the girls. His first day of service is with May Andrews, who takes him fishing. They are threatened by the sheriff with arrest. Miss Vining sees what she considers a clandestine meeting between one of the girls and the mayor. The next day he goes driving with Mabel Arney. They meet with an accident, are arrested and locked up, but escape. The mayor returns to the hotel, finds the sheriff waiting for him, and takes refuge in the room of Ben Winters. He plans to get possession of the incriminating bill. With Harriet Brooks the mayor goes to investigate an Indian mound. They are caught in a thunder storm. Returning late, he has rather a stormy interview with "Judge" Vining, who seeks to find out who returned to the hotel with him. Thursday was Mayor Bedight's day of attendance upon Margaret Farnsworth. She deceives him into a cabin in the woods, and he is made prisoner by the game warden. He is later released by one of the girls. He turns the tables on the game warden and makes that gentleman and his party prisoners. After breakfast he goes on the lake with Molly McConnell.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Your diplomacy is admirable," he congratulated, passing her the coffee pot.

Lunch over, Bedight packed the cooking outfit and replaced it in the boat. The sky was smoky in the west, smoky with heat that generated a strange restlessness among the quivering trees, while the air was surcharged with a portentous quietude that presaged a clash of elemental fury. A black cloud stood upon the rim of the lake and caused a look of concern in Bedight's eyes. A glance in Miss McConnell's direction showed the girl absorbed in her work. The mayor picked up a magazine and stretched himself upon the award beneath a huge yellow birch. He was attracted from his story a half hour later by a shadow across the sun. Hurriedly springing to his feet, he scanned the sky. A mass of black with livid green patches and scurrying fore-runners of white froth lay like a monstrous curtain across the west, through which shot veins of gold like roots of mammoth trees. A deep rumble, bass in its intonation, rolled across the sky, warning the creatures of the earth that soon their master would be abroad in the land to wreck and destroy.

The woman, too, aware of the danger, sat gazing apprehensively at the disturbed sky.

"Oh, Mr. Bedight," she cried, with the veriest trifle of anxiety in her voice, "we must be going. The sky looks like a storm."

The mayor came over to Miss McConnell and, standing beside her, gazed analytically into the west.

"I think we will be safer here," he advised, quietly. "The storm will break before we can reach the inn."

"But we cannot stay in this ruined hut. It leaks and the doors are gone," objected Miss McConnell. "Come on, let's be off."

The man hesitated.

"Don't you think it wiser to remain here until the storm is over? We are a long ways from Squirrel Inn," counseled the mayor.

"But the wind will kick up the lakes until we can't get across for hours," cried the woman nervously.

"Sometimes," said Bedight, looking squarely at her, "a man is not as dangerous after dark as a wind storm by day."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss McConnell. "Where's your sporting blood. Let's make a try for it."

The mayor turned and walked down to the boat. The girl followed and got aboard. He rolled up the sleeves of his light shirt and took the oars. As he did so, a drop of rain fell into the boat.

"Really, Miss McConnell," he protested, "this is unwise. You will not only get a good wetting but there is grave danger of—"

"I am neither sugar nor a coward," she said curtly. "Go ahead."

Bedight fell to his oars but his inspection of the sky over the girl's head as she faced him was far from reassuring. The clouds had taken more definite form and in their center, occupying the front of the great state of the sky, hung a balloon-like mass of twisting matter. Bedight looked at the girl apprehensively, as she sat in the stern of the boat, taking the splashing drops of rain like a Spartan.

"Miss McConnell, we are going to have a bad storm presently. Don't you think it would be better to go back? Look at the sky behind you."

She turned her head. An exclamation

tion of surprise broke from her lips. "If you think best, Mr. Bedight, I am afraid I have been foolhardy—but I'm still satisfied to go on if you are," proudly.

A terrific clap of thunder directly overhead, coupled with a roar in the west, caused Bedight to hesitate. Instead of turning the boat, he headed for the shore. Behind them the storm was rushing with ten league wings and the waves leaped into an action that set the boat tossing like a speck upon a boiling pot. The day became as dark as night, save for the lightning flashes.

In a moment the storm broke. Amid the crash of rending trees, the demoniac shriekings of the wind, the terror of the lightning, the boat sped onward along the shore, one oar gone, the other useless in such a sea.

In the main channel no craft could have lived, but along the shore down which the two raced before the wind, the shell flew on the wings of the tempest.

White but brave, frightened but in full control of her nerves, the girl clung to the boat. Straight toward the narrow neck of Goose lake, the craft bore like a wind-whipped ice-boat under a gale.

The mayor gritted his teeth. Once outside the smaller lake the course of the craft would be directly across the larger body of water.

He studied the girl opposite. Did she realize the danger?

"Mr. Bedight," she spoke regretfully, with an effort at bravery. "I—if we go through into Sylvan lake I—I'm sorry I didn't take your advice. It won't help much now to know that I've repented of my decision—but I—"

The mayor interrupted, shouting against the wind:

"I think we'll avoid it, and surely this must pass quickly."

Her answer was lost in the musketry and deluge that followed. The boat, half filled with water, lurched perilously, rolled like a cedar log and turned turtle!

Bedight felt himself carried forward with terrible speed and deposited upon the shore. He shook the water from his eyes. Beside him on the sand lay the girl, and a rod down the shore the boat hung upon the shingle.

She opened her eyes to the sound of his voice and the pressure of his hand upon her heart. Coughing, she sat up on the beach and rubbed the sand from her face and hands. Her clothes hung closely upon her, showing the outlines of her body. The rain still fell in torrents and ran down their necks in tiny rivulets.

"Oh!" she gasped, when her senses marshaled themselves from the bewilderment. "I've lost my sketch!"

The mayor laughed.

"If you had been a trifle less fortunate, you might not be worrying about that now—although I'm willing to admit you'd make a swell mermaid."

The storm was raging off in the east, the wind where they stood had ceased cracking its lungs, but a heavy sea was running on the lake and both oars were gone. Bedight looked about for shelter. Mounting the shore's bluff, he saw, off to the north, a hut still standing, evidently some fisherman's shanty. He beckoned the girl, who came up laughing.

"If I look as funny as you do with your clothes all sticking to you, the little birds will be in paroxysms tomorrow!" laughed the bedraggled woman, saucily, gazing brazenly at the man.

"Well," replied Bedight, returning the stare, "your hair is down, your shirtwaist is out at the back, your skirt is showing your limbs and your shoes squish when you walk. Otherwise you are dressed for one of Mine Host's summer feeds or evening hops—that is, dress appropriate for Squirrel Inn when there are no men to ensnare and all dancing parties are feminine."

"You're horrid!" she scowled. "What are we going to do?"

"There's a hut over there. If there's



"Your Diplomacy is Admirable."

any part of it that will burn, we'll preserve the remainder and use it as a Garden of Eden supplied by a kind providence."

The woman hesitated. The Garden of Eden stuff in the morning was not then so pregnant with possibilities. Bedight set off ahead, apparently oblivious to her doubt.

Miss McConnell's face was clouded. What else was there to do? They were on the opposite side of the turbulent lake from the inn, with an earless, shattered, but the country about was rough and unsheltered?

The night was upon them and the way to the inn around Sylvan lake was too far for her to attempt walking it in the night, along the rough trails and through the mud-covered roads.

Bedight met her at the door.

"Welcome, Eve," he said, teasingly. "Eden isn't such a bad place, after all. There's a stove and some flour and salt here, also matches, a dishpan, three chairs and a bunk. I'm going to see if the lake has yielded up our coffee pot and some coffee."

"I'll go," said Miss McConnell, soberly. "You start the fire and put the kettle on."

She went out abstractedly and walked down to the beach. What should she do? Was she sure of this man who seemed a gentleman, or would she need protection from her protector? If she had been more guarded in her bantering conversation of the morning, if she had not been quite so natural and unconventional.

She looked up and down the beach hurriedly as though she would run away, a sudden passion for flight coming over her. But where could she go? And there were snakes and bears in the woods! What should she do?

Bedight found her sitting upon the edge of the boat. She started as he drew near and took on a new reserve. He looked at her understandingly and dropped his joking mood.

"Here is the coffee," he said, producing a sudden mass, "but the pot must have followed the cyclone. Shall we go back?"

She looked up like a frightened child with that pleading look we see in the eyes of a cornered rabbit.

"Come," he said, kindly, "the pot boils and you will be needed soon to pour the coffee."

She arose without a word and followed him into the shack.

"And now," he said, "I am going away for an hour. There is plenty of wood here. Take off your wet clothes and dry them. When you have



Lucille Walters.

finished, call from the door. I will be on the beach. Do not be afraid. I will not be out of hearing."

"Thank you," she replied, and there was a more cheerful intonation in her voice.

Bedight sat upon a log and watched the white-caps whip themselves along the shore. The sky was clear and the moon came out from its nest behind the wood and glowed like a ball of crimson ochre. For an hour he sat thus, when he heard a step upon the gravel behind him.

"The coffee is ready, Mr. Bedight. If you are as hungry as I, we shall do simple justice to saleratus biscuits and coffee."

They sat down by the light of an oil lamp that contained two inches of kerosene.

"Oh, if Pauline could only see us now," laughed Miss McConnell—or Mine Host—"but it's good, anyhow, if you're hungry enough!"

"Add to all your other charms," said Bedight, lightly, "the quality of being a good cook!"

The girl's face grew serious again. Bedight noted the varying shades, but paid no outward heed. The rough fare and the abominable coffee were palatable and both felt better after eating.

They sat quietly after the meal, the oil burning lower and lower in the lamp. Outside a wolf barked and in the margin of the wood a night bird flew by with a raucous cry.

"And now," said the mayor, jovially, "it is the curfew hour in Eden. The last one in bed won't have to blow out the light, for it is going out of its own accord."

He arose and, taking off his coat, rolled it into a pillow.

"Lie down here and rest a while," he said, gently.

"Please, Mr. Bedight," replied the girl, her face flushed and her eyes turned away.

The mayor arose and stood before her.

"Miss McConnell," he spoke quietly reassuringly, "I had a mother once. She was sweet and pure—and—and she died." The mayor's voice broke for the moment. "She—she taught me to respect womanhood. She taught me to be open and simple and sincere. The situation in which we find ourselves is trying only as we make it so. Let us be sensible and direct. There is the bunk. Lie down and sleep. If you can, I shall stretch out upon the floor and try it myself. You need have no fear that—"

"Forgive me," she cried, laying her hands upon his. "I have no fear—nothing but explicit trust and confidence!"

"Which is the time, usually," he said, with the old ring in his voice, "that the apple gets bitten!"

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR MARCH 2

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 15:1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. 10:23.

Until within recent years it was frequently asserted that Abram's battle, as recorded in Gen. 14, "had not one whit of proof," yet the archaeologists have not only reconciled the apparent discrepancies but have proven beyond a question the accuracy of the record. Abram's victory over the four confederate kings is a story rich with typical suggestions.

I. "After These Things," vv. 1-7. God's word (v. 1) came to Abram not only as a counsel but for assurance as well. So, too, our assurance is his word, I John 5:13. In the midst of the uncertainty and the strife, for we must remember Abram never possessed the land, God appeared to him in a vision and said, "Fear not." See Isa. 41:10. There in the midst of fear (Jas. 2:23) God promised to be to Abram a shield and an exceeding great reward. A "shield" for there is to the Christian life a militant side, Eph. 6:13, 14, I Tim. 6:12. A "reward" which was far more rich than any given by man. See 14:21, Prov. 10:22.

Abram Was Human.

But Abram was, after all, human, and we read in verse 2 his question about descendants, he being as yet childless. Even so, however, Abram was willing to count the child of his steward as fulfilling the promise of God. Not so with God for the promise (12:3) was to include Sarah also. God very clearly makes this plain in verse 4, the heir was to be Abram's indeed and not the child of another. But not only is Abram to have an heir but the land in which he was sojourning as a pilgrim was to be his and his seed to be as the stars for multitude.

"And he believed." The great test to this faith came later. Heb. 11:19, but here in this first distinct scriptural history of faith we find set forth those principles that have governed through all time. (1) The acceptance of the word of God, e. g., to have our trust built upon or supported by the word of Jehovah, see Isa. 30:21; (2) to act upon that faith so that our lives in life manifests the belief of heart.

God's covenant, 12:1-4, is confirmed at seven ways. 1. Posterity, (a) natural, "earth," (b) spiritual, "heaven," (c) also through Ishmael, Gen. 17:15-20; 2. Blessing, both temporal and spiritual; 3. great name; 4. A blessing, Gal. 3:13, 14; 5. "I will bless them that bless thee;" 6. "and curses them that curse thee;" 7. the families of the earth blessed through Abram, e. g., through Christ, Gal. 3:16.

"And he believed in the Lord" (v. 6). Abram built upon the naked word of God, he simply looked at that and that alone, Rom. 4:20. R. V. All God asks of us is for us to take him at his word. So it is that as we take his word about Jesus, he reckons that faith to us as righteousness; no matter how unrighteous we may have been, see Rom. 4:3-6; Gal. 3:6-7. The one thing that God demands is that we believe him and his word.

II. "Whereby Shall I Know," vv. 8-18. The weakness of human faith indicated by Abram's question (v. 8) is answered by God giving to him directions for the preparation of a sacrifice. Abram did not really doubt God's word (v. 6), but he did desire a confirming sign. Many today are looking for assuring signs from God when his bare word should be enough. Asking for signs is not always safe. Luke 11:20, but as in Abram's case God does give us a pledge of a sign of our inheritance, 2 Cor. 1:22, Eph. 1:14. God gave Abram, after he had explicitly followed his directions, a symbolic vision of himself. Someone has suggested that the vile birds of prey (v. 11) are symbolic of Satan, and Abram, driving them away, a symbol of one victory over evil. Jas. 4:7. God is always nearer to man and best reveals himself when we are in the midst of sacrifice. God tells Abram of those days of servitude on the part of his descendants while they are to be in Egypt, of God's judgment to be brought upon that land and of their ultimate deliverance.

Symbols of God.

Every detail of these predictions and promises was fulfilled. In verse 15 there is presented the great thought of the need of preparation in youth for the future days of "good old age"—also in this verse a suggestion of the life beyond the grave.

The smoking furnace and the flaming torch were symbols of God himself. Four centuries of opportunity were to be allowed the powerful Amorites who now possessed the land before the land came into bona-fide possession in accordance with the promise, for God's judgment was conditioned upon the "measure of their iniquity being full." In the midst of this horror of darkness came God's final assurance to Abram in the symbolic "flaming torch" which passed between the pieces of the slain animals typical of the two parties to the contract.

REVEALS HIS GLORY

FACE OF JESUS CHRIST SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO THE HEART OF MAN IN ALL SITUATIONS.

It is said that one day as the poet Tennyson with a friend stopped to look at some pictures in a window on the Strand, the friend, knowing Tennyson's admiration for Dante, asked him what there was in Dante's face that was lacking in Goethe's. The answer was instantaneous: "The divine."

So the face of Jesus Christ speaks directly to the heart of man everywhere—to Pilate at the trial, moved and awed by the wondrous personality before him, to the poet, to the artist, to the toiler, to the very heathen bound in caste and pantheism and depravity, till, catching the light from the face of Jesus, he is constrained, as he seeks to defend Hinduism, to speak in reverence and awe of "that great Christ."

How wonderful is sunlight, the glory of the natural world. Niagara has not beauty in the dark, but the sun makes its iridescent beauty the praise of all beholders.

How splendid is the light of intellect. How like the sun shines a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Plato.

But matchless in glory and perfect in beauty is the light of love—beaming in a mother's face, gleaming from a martyr's eye, shining from the ever-radiant face of Jesus Christ.

Eternal Lovelight.

God pours his lovelight upon the world from the face of Jesus Christ. He, the man Christ Jesus, is the mediator, the conductor of the lovelight from the heart of the Eternal to this poor dark world. The heart of mankind, lost and fearful as the babes in the wood, trembling and shuddering in the cold and dark, is ever praying with Newman: "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," and God is ever answering through the face of Jesus Christ, the Light of the world.

No man could endure to see God directly, any more than one could gaze at the blazing sun without eyelids. God must be revealed, therefore, through a medium. "There shall no man look upon my face and live." The universe reveals him indeed, but it veils him, too. In Jesus Christ God reveals his glory tempered to our human face. Man's heart hungers for something in God akin to itself, something of our own weakness, something approachable and endurable.

The world is not satisfied with less than God; it must have the best. As Augustine cried: "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our heart is restless till it rest in thee." Cold intellectualism, or mammonism with its ease and luxury, can only go so far. "So the ancient world found at the pinnacle of its splendor and its wantonness."

Men must find God ere their hearts have peace. And we find him in the face of Jesus Christ, with his great warm pity and undying love. A love that indeed illumines the intellect and throughout Christendom shines deeper than the brain. "God hath shined in our hearts." True religion reaches the affections. It is the holy flame upon the altar of the heart that lights the brain of Christendom.

Glory of God Everywhere.

See the glory of God in the baby face in Bethlehem's manger, with the magi and the shepherds bending near; more glory than in all the purple and gold and the tread of armies and the fanfare of pride at an imperial coronation. It was the glory of lowliness which is the uttermost glory of God himself. So the angels, familiar with the humbleness of the great God almighty, saw his image and the brightness of his glory in Bethlehem, and a multitude of the armies of heaven came to celebrate it in the ears of the lowly, while the proud and the rich were deaf to the resounding heavens. In nature are revealed the eternal power and divinity of the Godhead, but love is concealed or but dimly seen. The God of nature roars in the pealing of the thunder and the howling of the storm and the raging of the sea. He smiles in the lightning's flash, and shrivels the verdure of earth with the flaming sun or the scorching wind. Men fear and dread this awful God. The heathen stand in awe of him and seek to appease him. It is only in the gospel, in the face of Jesus Christ, that we learn that—"Love rides upon the stormy sky—not wrath nor chance nor destiny—and death must yield to love."

Our Daily Life.

Our daily companionship with Christ should be the saving power of all our living. If we begin the day in prayer with him it will strengthen us for the day's tasks and temptations and hard places. If we every day consult his words of life they will go with us, sweetening all the day and making tender and compassionate our hearts beside setting the tone of all our transactions. Above all, true companionship with him is to look at all men and all problems through his eyes, to take his attitude toward life. This is to have the mind of Christ. Christ is manifested to the world not through sermons, but by the daily witness in our lives. When Christians are all Christlike the world may not accept him, but it will know him as he is. When he is thus shown forth he may draw all men to himself.

Infidelity.

Agnosticism is the passing form of the old infidelity as the race is swept up to an intelligent and abiding possession of the eternal things.—Rev. P. A. Simpkins, Congregationalist, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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